To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.
King Thanks *Roſencraus* and gentle *Guildenſtern.*
Que. Thanks *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſencraus.*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſonne: goe ſome of you
And bring theſe Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heavens make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpfull to him.
Queen. Amen. *Exeunt Roſ. and Guil.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Embaſſadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtil haſt bin the Father of good newes.
Pol. Have I my Lord? I aſſure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my ſoule,
Both to my God and to my gracious King:
And I doe thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie ſo ſure
As it hath us'd to doe, that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* lunacie.
King. O ſpeake of that, that doe I long to heare.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to the Embaſſadors,
My newes ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
King. Thy ſelfe doe grace to them, & bring them in.
He tels me, my deare *Gertrud*, he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſonnes diſtemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our haſtie marriage.

Enter Embaſſadors.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him: welcome my good friends;
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Vol. Moſt faire returne of greetings and deſires:
Upon our firſt he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſſe; whereat griev'd
That ſo his ſickneſſe, age, and impotence

Was

Was falſly borne in hand
On *Fortenbraſſe*, which
Receives rebuke from *N*
Makes vow before his un
To give th'aſſay of arme
Whereon old *Norway* o
Gives him threeſcore th
And his Commiſſion, to
So levied as before, agai
With an entreaty herei
That it might pleaſe you
Through your dominio
On ſuch regards of ſafet
As herein are ſet down
King. It likes us wel
And at our more conſid
Anſwer, and thinke up
Meane time we thank
Goe to your reſt, at nig
Moſt welcome home.
Pol. This buſineſſe
My Liege and Madam
What majeſtie ſhoul
Why day is day, nigh
Were nothing but to
Therefore brevitie is
And tediouſneſſe the
I will be briefe: your
Mad call I it, for to d
What is't but to be n
But let that goe.
Quee. More matte
Pol. Madam I ſwea
That hee's mad 'tis t
And pitty 'tis 'tis true
But farewell it, for I
Mad let us grant him
That we finde out th

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY